

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

NUMBER 9.

VOLUME XL.

OLMSTEAD & CO., PUBLISHERS.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1867.

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THE BOG-OAK SHAMROCK.

Charles and Ellen Murphy were the children of a small farmer in the west of Ireland. Their father and mother died of fever within a few days of each other, when the boy was fourteen and his sister twelve years old. Their only near relative was a cousin, who lived in a neighboring village, and who, on the Murphys' death, came over to arrange their affairs.

He found that when the stock, crops and furniture were sold, and the rent and other debts paid, five pounds and a tolerable supply of clothes were all that remained for the orphans. Tom Handley was a good-natured man, but his own circumstances were far from flourishing, and he had a wife and family to maintain. He therefore felt rather embarrassed as to what could be done with his young cousins; and calling Charles to him on the morning that the farm was surrendered, he said,—

"Well, Charley, boy, what do you think would be best for you and Nelly to do?"

The boy sighed deeply. "I don't know, Tom," he said; "I'd like to work and try to support her if I knew how—if you'd put me in the way of doing it."

"Tis little you'd earn for a good while yet, I'm thinking," replied Tom. "You're a slight young fellow, not over strong; and I believe you were brought up more to the book learning than to any thing else."

"Yes; my poor father was giving me a good education, thinking I'd be fit for a clerk in a counting-house. In case the bad times would oblige him to give up farming; or, 'at any rate,' he would say, 'learning is no burden to any one.' But now that's all over, and I know I have nothing to look to but my own work to support myself and Nelly."

"Well," said Tom, after a pause, "you and your little sister can come home with me. I know *herself* (his wife) will be willing to give ye both the run of the house. I'll put your five pounds into the savings' bank; and we'll find you something to do in the fields, and Ellen might make herself useful minding the young infant."

So Charles and his sister accompanied Tom Handley to his home, about six miles distant.

"Here we are, Kitty," said Tom, "come home to you, thank goodness, safe and sound! I hope the parities are nearly healed; for I'm sure Nelly and Charley must be starving hungry."

"They'll be ready in less than no time, Tom; and I have a fine bowl of buttermilk and a fresh egg for you, into the bargain. You're welcome, children," she continued, "kindly welcome; only I wish I had a better place for you."

And wiping her hands on her checked apron, she gave them both a hearty salutation and led them into the cabin. Although their home had been humble and their clothing coarse, Charles and Ellen had always been accustomed to strict cleanliness in both; they therefore felt shocked at the first view of their future dwelling.

The mud floor was damp, dirty, and worn into ruts, the wooden furniture, although sufficiently abundant and substantial, looked as if it were rarely used; and whenever the half door happened to be left open, the pigs, dogs, ducks, geese and chickens were sure to rush in, bearing with them no small portion of the dirt deposits at the door. Charles perceived the painful expression on his sister's face, and drawing her hand within his, he whispered,— "We ought to be thankful to be here, Nelly, and not in the workhouse."

After supper they were taken into a very small room—a sort of den partitioned off the kitchen—containing two good, soft-looking beds. In one of these Ellen went to sleep with two of her little cousins; the other was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Handley and their youngest child. An old stuff curtain was drawn between the two beds—a piece of delicate refinement very uncommon in an Irish cabin. For Charles and the eldest boy a straw bed was made in a settle in the kitchen. Despite the novelty of their situation, both brother and sister slept soundly, and awoke next morning with hearts sad, yet grateful to God for giving them even this shelter.

After breakfast Tom Handley said,— "Now, Charley, come out to the field and drive the cows into the lower leek. You can stop there and watch them; and mind, don't let them get into the meadow."

"Here, Ellen," said Mrs. Handley, "take this child from me and good luck to you; he won't let me do a halfporth but dandling him all day. 'Twill be a fine thing for me if you can mind him."

Both brother and sister expressed their readiness to do whatever they could to assist their cousins, for they had been well-instructed, and knew that they ought not to eat the bread of idleness. Yet they could not help feeling their situation irksome, for beside the discomforts of their abode, Ellen was kept all day in close attendance on a cross child, which was also so fat and heavy that the slender, growing girl became bowed beneath its weight.

Charles, too, was shut out from his books, which he had learned to love, with, besides, the painful consciousness that the few pence he earned by herding cows for a neighboring farmer were quite insufficient to pay for his own and Ellen's support.



CHARLES IN THE JEWELLER'S SHOP.

After some time the Handleys, always poor, became exceedingly distressed. A violent distemper broke out among cattle and carried off their only cow. No more milk for the children; no bread—no means of paying the rent. Then the season was wet and the potatoes partly failed. And to crown all, poor Tom himself was seized with fever, and lay for many days between life and death.

One morning, when he was beginning to recover, his wife called Charles, and giving him her solitary Sunday gown, a much-prized garment of blue and yellow chints, said,— "Here, ma boughal, carry this to T—; take it to the pawnbroker's and borrow as much on it as he'll give you; and then buy two ounces of tea and a quarter of sugar for poor Tom, and a stone of meal for ourselves."

"No, ma'am, begging your pardon, I won't do that; but do you think you could get me the savings bank book that Tom has?"

"What for, child? that's an empty book. Sure we had no money in the bank this many a day."

"O, ma'am, I mean my book. There's five pounds in it, and I'll draw it out for you to-day."

"No, boy, no," said Kitty, applying the corner of her apron to her eyes; "I wouldn't rob the orphans that way; what luck could I expect for my own if I did? Keep your little penny, *aleah*, I am as much obliged to you as if I took it."

"Ma'am," said Charles, earnestly, "if you please, you must take it. Aren't you and poor Tom like parents to Nelly and me? Don't you share every bit and sup with us, though you want it so badly yourselves? How, then, could I have the heart to see you and the children want while I have it?"

"Well, Charley, you're a good boy, and I will take it from you as a loan. Please God, when *himself* is well we'll soon be able to put it back; and, indeed, I think he'd almost murder me for touching it at all."

The book was produced, Charles took it to the town, drew out his money, and having purchased some necessities for the family, returned cheerfully home. He gave the money to Mrs. Handley; but she, although a kind-hearted, honest creature, was, truth to tell, a bad manager, so that the sum did not last as long as it should have done.

One day, when Handley was just able to go out, his eldest little girl, a fine, intelligent child of seven years old, her father's special favorite, fell off a wall over which she was climbing, and injured her knee severely. The hurt was at first neglected, and then carelessly looked at by an ignorant village apothecary, who pronounced that it required nothing but rest; and the consequence was, that the joint stiffened, and the poor child seemed condemned to a lifelong lameness.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come alone. At this last stroke, Tom Handley, as he said, "fairly lost all heart." He surrendered his little farm, removed into a small cabin, and engaged as day laborer with a neighboring farmer. Workmen at this time were very plenty, and money very scarce, so that the united earnings of Tom and Charles scarcely sufficed, in Irish phrase, "to keep soul and body together."

The children and Ellen grew pale and thin, and poor Mrs. Handley almost heartbroken. "Ah, Nelly," she would say, as she gave her the youngest child to hold, "the darling isn't heavy *no* to carry. God help my little Tommy; he's wasting away like a snow-drift on

the hill. May our Heavenly Father look down on us all!"

From long confinement poor little Mary became very feeble. The youngest child, which was cutting its teeth, and Mrs. Handley had, as she often declared, "fifty things to do at once," there was seldom any one at leisure to attend to her. But when Charles came in after his day's work her pale face used to brighten; for the boy took pleasure in amusing his little sick cousin, and had many playful devices for that purpose.

Tom Handley used to sigh when he saw his poor child unable to eat the coarse porridge, which, in very scanty measure, was all he could procure for his family; and once Charles heard him murmur,— "Ah, then, *aleah*, if I could get you the white bread, and the new milk, and the drop of broth, you'd soon be well, and strong, and jumping on my lap as you used long ago!"

One day, as Charles was driving the cows through a turf bog, he saw a fine, solid piece of the bog oak, which, in Ireland, abounds beneath the peat moss, and is used by the peasantry for firewood. He carelessly picked it up, thinking it would serve to make the fire blaze that evening; and afterwards, when he sat down beside a rock watching his charge, he took out an old penknife, and began idly to chip the edges of the wood. Suddenly he remembered a toy which he had seen and greatly admired years before. It was a cup and ball; and it occurred to him that if he could carve one so rudely it would afford great amusement to little Mary. He accordingly commenced; and although the wood was hard, the knife blunt and his hand unpractised, yet he had made some progress before evening. After supper he sat next Mary, and while telling her some little long remembered tale, he continued carving and rubbing his slip of bog-oak. In two days the cup and spike were finished; then came the ball, and this, without a doubt, was no easy matter to accomplish. However, perseverance is a wonderful thing; with it a new world was discovered; without it the most trifling enterprise will rarely succeed. So Charles worked hard at his hall, and after many failures, made one so round and smooth that his delighted little cousin, after some practice, seldom failed to catch it on the cup, and even, now and then, with the utmost triumph, displayed it sticking on the spike.

It happened about this time that the farmer whose cows Charles herded had occasion for a messenger to the county town, to bring home some groceries which could not be procured in the village. He told Charles he would send him, and giving him sixpence to procure his breakfast in the town, desired him to start before dawn, as he would have a distance of fourteen miles to walk, but could return with his purchases in a neighbor's cart.

In due time Charles reached the town, executed his commissions, and saw them safely stowed away under the care of the man with whom he was to return, before he thought of refreshing himself. He then took out his silver sixpence, saying to himself, as he looked at it,—

"I can't go home without eating something. I'll get a penny bun and half a pint of milk; then I'll have fourpence halfpenny left. Ellen wants a thimble; I saw her poor finger quite red and sore from trying to work without one; that will cost another penny. I'll take a nice white twopenny loaf to little Mary, and the

three halfpence over I'll put by towards mending Ellen's shoes."

The boy had finished his scanty breakfast, and was thinking that but for the dear ones at home he would very much like to buy another piece of bread, when his foot struck against something that arrested his attention. The street was very muddy, and when he stooped he saw a small paper parcel almost covered by the gutter. He picked it up, opened it, and found wrapped up in three papers an old, battered-looking gold coin. He turned it round, and on examining the envelop in which it was folded, perceived written on it the name of Mr. Martin, a jeweller in the town.

To his shop Charles hastened, anxious to restore the coin; for the idea of retaining it never once occurred to his honest mind. When he entered he found Mr. Martin engaged in conversation with a lady, who held some dark ornaments in her hand; so, drawing back, he waited until the jeweller should be disengaged.

"Can you tell me," said the lady, "where I could get some shamrocks carved to match these?" And she showed a bracelet very tastefully formed of shamrocks carved in black oak, and fastened on an elastic string.

"I really do not know, madam," replied Mr. Martin. "I have sometimes seen ornaments similar to these made by amateurs, but I am not aware that any regular workman could be found to do it."

The young lady looked disappointed. "This bracelet," she said, "was made for me by my brother, who is now in India; and for his sake I prize it most highly. By accident two of the shamrocks were broken yesterday, and I am most anxious to have them replaced. I would gladly pay highly for having it done."

With heightened color and sparkling eyes Charles stepped forward. "If you please, ma'am"—he began, and then hesitated.

"Well, my boy," said the lady, kindly, "what do you wish to say?"

"I think, ma'am, I could carve shamrocks for you, but I don't do my best work at home."

"Did you ever learn to carve oak?"

"No, ma'am; I only tried by myself to make a cup and ball to please our little Mary."

"Is it to sell any thing you are waiting here?"

"No, ma'am," replied Charles; and handing the gold coin to the jeweller, he continued, "I wanted, sir, to ask you if you know who owns this, as your name is on the paper? I found it just now in the street."

Mr. Martin examined the coin, and exclaimed, "Miss Elwyn, this is the very antique piece I sold your uncle yesterday. Did he lose it?"

"Ah, yes. I heard him say last night that he missed a curious coin he had just purchased, and feared he must have dropped it."

"My honest little fellow," said the jeweller to Charles, "I am sure Mr. Elwyn will be much obliged to you, and will give you some reward for your trouble."

"I have had no trouble, sir," said Charles, a little proudly; "and I don't want to be rewarded for doing what is only right."

"But," said the soft voice of Miss Elwyn, "I want to know more about the oak-carving. I dare say Mr. Martin will let me sit in his parlor while you tell me all about yourself and 'little Mary.'"

The lady's gentle manner and sweet countenance soon won the confidence of Charles; and he gave her an artless account of his history, ending by saying, "I think carving wood would soon come easy to me, only my knife is so very blunt. Will you please, ma'am, to let me look at the shamrocks you showed Mr. Martin?"

He examined them minutely, and then looked up with a beaming smile; "I think, ma'am, I'm sure I could carve leaves like these, if I had the pattern for a few days."

"Then," said Miss Elwyn, "you shall take the bracelet home with you; I know you are an honest boy, whom I may trust. Mr. Martin," she continued, "will you show me some of the best and strongest penknives you have got, and allow this boy to select one?"

"O, thank you, ma'am, thank you," said Charles. "I will take great care of the knife and the bracelet, and bring them both back to you as soon as I have the shamrocks finished."

"The knife I mean to make you a present of; but on what day do you think you can meet me here with the bracelet?"

Charles considered, saying half to himself, in an under tone, "To-morrow there will be the master's horse to take to the forge, and the bawn fields to be ploughed the rest of the week; and then after that the dirt to be drawn; altogether, I won't have much time, I'm afraid. This day, I'll try to be here, and bring you the best shamrocks I can make. I know you won't be angry if they're not nice enough, because, indeed, I'll do my very best."

Miss Elwyn and Mr. Martin were both amused at the boy's earnest, artless manner, and bade him a friendly good-by.

Charles kept his promise, and did indeed "do his very best" to fashion his rude piece of oak into the delicate form of Eriu's emblematic leaf. Early in the morning,

late at night, and at every spare moment during the day, he practised his task perseveringly. Sometimes his patience was sorely tried. He found the fine, even veining of the leaves most difficult to imitate, and giving the slender curling stem its proper form cost him the spoiling of several half-finished shamrocks. But what will not patient perseverance accomplish? Encouraged by the wish to perform his promise, and by the real pleasure which he took in the work, Charles, on the evening before the expiration of the fortnight, displayed to the admiring eyes of Ellen and little Mary two beautiful shamrocks, in size and form closely imitating the natural leaf. Having obtained permission from his master, he set out next morning, after a very scanty breakfast, to walk to town, carrying the bracelet and his own precious shamrocks in his waistcoat pocket.

He entered Mr. Martin's shop. Miss Elwyn had not yet arrived; but Charles, longing to display his workmanship to the good-natured jeweller, put his hand in his pocket. Out came the bracelet, then the penknife, but no shamrocks. In terror he searched again, no sign of them, but what, alas! explained their disappearance—a small note in the worn lining, which Ellen had forgotten to mend.

"The boy has lost into; he would not help it. 'After all my trouble!' he exclaimed; 'and indeed they were very nice. I'm thankful, say what you like, after a pause, during which the sympathizing jeweller tried to comfort him, that it was not the lady's bracelet I lost. Will you ask her, sir, to trust me for one week longer? Please God I'll make two more, and may be better ones.'"

Mr. Martin promised to do as he wished; and then, with a firm, though sad heart, Charles returned to his poor home. I shall not dwell upon the various expressions of disappointment with which his hungry relatives greeted him, nor describe how poor Ellen reproached herself for not having mended "that nasty hole." Suffice it to say, that Charles set resolutely to work, and by the end of the week, had carved two shamrocks superior in finish to the former ones.

Again he went to Mr. Martin's, and now no sorrow awaited him. Miss Elwyn came, and was greatly delighted with the little ornaments; they were indeed exact fac-similes of her own. Her uncle, a benevolent looking old gentleman, was with her. He watched the sparkling eyes and pale, intelligent countenance of Charles, while his niece expressed her approbation of the carving.

"Well, my boy," he said, "we are indebted to you for two favors; the restoration of my gold coin, and the mending of my niece's bracelet. Here is a pound note for your shamrocks; I won't offer you money for your honesty—that is a commodity which cannot and ought not to be purchased; but I give you my confidence and approbation, which perhaps may be worth something."

For a moment Charles could not speak. "O, sir," he said, "his too much; I couldn't take such a sum for two little leaves."

then, with a thankful heart, he pictured to himself the joy and plenty which he would carry home that night.

"Now," said Mr. Elwyn, "it is evident my lad, that you have a decided talent for carving wood, and what is better, a disposition to persevere. Would you like to learn to be an architect, and have to do with erecting stone buildings and oak-carvings on a large scale?"

"O, yes, sir, indeed I would."

"Then I have a friend, a good man, and a first-rate builder, with whom I shall place you as a pupil; and it will be your own fault, not mine or his, if you don't prosper. My niece tells me you have a sister and a sick little cousin; we must do something for them also. The boy could not find words to express his gratitude, but his speaking countenance and tearful eyes were sufficiently eloquent. The next day Mr. and Miss Elwyn, accompanied by their friend, Mr. Davis, the architect, paid a visit to Tom Handley's cabin. Greatly moved by the poverty he witnessed, Mr. Elwyn not only supplied the family's present necessities, but placed them in a small farm of his own, which had just fallen out of lease; at the same time strongly impressing on Tom and his wife the necessity for economy and order as well as industry. Taught by their late sufferings, the lesson was not lost; and after the lapse of a few years, they became quite rich for persons in their class of life. But this is anticipating.

Good surgical assistance was procured for little Mary, which, with nourishment and warm clothing, under the blessing of God, quite restored her limb; so that ere long Miss Elwyn was able to place her, with her cousin Ellen, in an excellent institution provided for the education of girls.

Years passed on, happily and industriously spent; and now, at the time I write, Charles Murphy is a rising architect, well known and respected for his talents and probity. He lives near the city, in a neat house; and few could recognize in the fair young wife whom he has lately brought home, the sickly "little Mary," for whose amusement long ago he fashioned the cup and ball.

When I last heard of them, Ellen was about to be married to a physician in good practice; and Charles was actively engaged in promoting, by his influence and exertions, an extensive manufactory of log-iron ornaments, which promises to give employment to many a boy as poor and friendless as he was on the day when he first tried to carve a Bog-Oak Shamrock.

DOG TEAM.

The following lively description of the Esquimaux draught-dogs is given by Dr. Hayes in his new book, "An Open Polar Sea."

The team is guided solely by the whip and voice. The strongest dogs are placed on the outside, and the whole team is swayed to right and left, according as the whip falls on the snow to the one side or the other, or as it touches the leading dogs, as it is sure to do if they do not obey the gentle hint with sufficient alacrity. The voice aids the whip, but in all emergencies, the whip is the only real reliance. Your control over the team is exactly in proportion to your skill in the use of it. The lash is about four feet longer than the traces, and is tipped with a "cracker" of hard wood, with which a skilful driver can draw blood, if so inclined; and he can touch either one of his animals on any particular spot that may suit his purpose. Jensen had to-day a

young refractory in the team, and, having had his patience quite exhausted, he resolved upon extreme measures. "You see that least?" said he, "I takes a piece out of his ear;" and, sure enough, crack went the whip, and the hard sinew wound round the vent of the ear, and snipped it off as nicely as with a knife. This long lash, which is but a thin, tapering strip of raw seal-hide, is swung with a whiplstock only two and a half feet long. It is very light, and consequently hard to handle. The peculiar turn of the wrist necessary to get it rolled out to its destination is a most difficult undertaking. It requires long and patient practice. I have persevered, and my perseverance has been rewarded; and if I am obliged to turn driver on emergency, I feel equal to the task; but I frequently hope that the emergency may not arise which requires me to exhibit my skill. It is the very hardest kind of hard work. The merciless lash must be going continually; and it must be merciless or it is of no avail. The dogs are quick to detect the least weakness of the driver, and measure him on the instant. If not thoroughly convinced that the soundness of their skins is quite at his mercy, they go where they please. If they see a fox crossing the ice, or come upon a long track, or "win" a seal, or sight a hare, away they dash over snow-drifts and hummocks, pricking up their short ears and curling up their long, bushy tails for a wild, wolfish snarl after the game. The whip-lash goes out with a fierce snap, the ears and the tails drop, and they go on about their proper business; but was to be woe to you if they get the control. I have seen my own driver, only to-day, sorely put to his mettle, and not until he had brought a yell of pain from almost every dog in the team did he conquer their obstinacy. They were minding after a fox, and were taking its toward what appeared to be music here. The wind was blowing hard, and the lash was sometimes driven back into the driver's face—hence the difficulty. The whip, however, hardly brought them to reason, and in full view of the game, and within a few yards of the treacherous ice, they came first down to a halting trot and then stopped, most unwillingly. Of course this made them very cross, and a general high-falootin' and angry—now followed, which was not quieted until the driver had sallied in among them and knocked them to right and left with his hard, livery whiplstock. I have had an adventure with the same team, and know to my cost, what an misery it they are, and how hard it is to get the mastery of them; but once mastered, like a spirited horse, they are obedient enough, but also, like that noble animal, they require, now and then, to have a positive reminder as to whom the obedience is owing.

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

The under wears a plain brown dress, and she is a simply spinster; To her, again, a maid, young from her silver hair, She would never, never, never guess The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if an inch of ill In all her life had stirred her, But while she moves with careful tread, And while she talks her silver head, She is planning, planning, planning still The way to do some under.

My child, who reads this simple lay With a disdainful contempt and sneer, Remember the old proverb—ways That prove is which pretty does, And that worth while, and not for stay For poverty nor splendor.

Alice Cary.

AN ADVENTURE IN RUPERT'S LAND.

Deep in the wilds of North America, more than a thousand miles beyond the Canada, there stands a solitary outpost of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. It is a bleak, desolate looking part of Rupert's Land, so far removed from the haunts of civilized men that its inhabitants hear only twice a year from their friends at home. This outpost consists of four small log-houses, or huts, the doors and windows of which are of the smallest possible size and number. A rude stockade surrounds the whole, and an unpretending flagstaff rises in the midst. The garrison consists of the commandant, four men, an Indian hunter of the Chipewayan tribe, and one Indian woman.

In this region winter reigns supreme for nearly eight months in the year. The keen winds of the north, fresh and bitter from the ice fields of the arctic seas, hold their revels here in exulting fury. Snow is the prominent feature in the scene. The land is wrapped in it. The house tops are weighed down by it; the branches of the surrounding pine trees are laden with it, and heavy wreaths curl over and cling to the adjacent cliffs.

The following incident, extracted at random from the outpost diary, shows that life at Stoney Creek is not without interest and amusement.

One bright and sparkling winter morning George Wellwood, a sturdy Englishman of twenty-three, in the service of the fur-traders, and commandant at Stoney Creek, proceeded to equip himself for the chase—in those climates necessary means of procuring subsistence. A deerskin coat, trousers of the same material, blue cloth leggings, moccasins, a fur cap, formed somewhat like an helmet, an umple shawl around his neck, and he was complete. Throwing his gun over his shoulder, he sallied forth towards the little hut in which his men lived.

"Hallo! Mike Lynch, are ye there?" he cried, stooping as he looked in at the low doorway.

"Ay, yer honor; just at your service," answered a hearty Irish voice from within, as its owner drained a large bowl of tea and sprang to his feet.

"Get your gun and snow-shoes, Mike; I'll follow up the deer track that was discovered yesterday. Tell the Squirrel to get ready to go with us, and don't forget your sled. I'll walk on."

In a few minutes Wellwood was joined by Mike and an Indian, both of whom were tall of stature and stout of limb. The three proceeded at a rapid pace along the woodcutter's track, which was well beaten by the men in hauling firewood to the fort. In half an hour they reached the termination of the track and the little hut of the woodcutters. Here they halted to put on their snow-shoes.

"They're mighty convenient things, to be sure, though rayther troublesome at times," muttered Mike, as he endeavored to force his large feet into the lines of his snow-shoes.

"You'd travel but a short way without them, Mike," said Wellwood; "the snow is five feet deep, if it's an inch, even your long legs would be laid to bottom."

The snow-shoes, of whose "convenience" the Irishman spoke, were most unwieldy implements to look at. Mike was a big, heavy man, and selected the he-

gest pair of snow-shoes at the establishment. They were fully six feet long by a foot and a half broad, and supported their burly wearer well on the surface of the snow, but proved rather troublesome at times among the thick bushes.

"Now, then, Squirrel," said Wellwood, "do you strike off to the left and make a long circuit towards the blasted pine on the hill top; you know the place. Mike and I will bear away to the right, and if we don't start the moose we'll meet you there."

Mike threw the line of his light sledge across his shoulder and followed his master into the forest. The country through which they passed was pretty level, and comparatively free from underwood, so that they proceeded rapidly and with ease over the snowy waste.

Managing their cumbersome shoes in a way that proved them to be accomplished backwood-men, Wellwood and his man traversed many a mile of ground without seeing a single deer track. Towards the afternoon they entered a more thickly wooded country, and turning to the left, round the base of a little knoll, they emerged upon a small stream whose waters had long ago been frozen to the bottom.

"If I, Mike, will make use of the river here, and get a little relief from our snow-shoes."

"It's a road of nature's own makin'," remarked Mike, disencumbering his feet, "an' a very purty one too; just like a marble pavement."

While Wellwood and his companion were thus pursuing their way, the Indian pushed forward in a devious circuit towards the place of meeting at the blasted pine. For several hours he did not halt or slacken the pace at which he had set out. His keen eye turned restlessly on all sides, noting every object in the way. He travelled steadily until the sun was low, but discovered no fresh tracks of deer. Suddenly his eye was arrested by tracks in the snow; a glance sufficed to show that they were those of an old moose and two young ones. Throwing his gun into the hollow of his left arm, the Squirrel followed the tracks, which led over the summit of a small eminence.

Ascending this, he was about to push down the opposite side, when far down in the hollow beyond he saw a magnificent moose, as large as a horse, with her two young ones beside her. The distance, however, was too great for a shot, and the Indian was endeavoring to approach nearer, when a little puff of white smoke burst from the bushes on his right. It was followed by a loud report; one of the young animals leapt its own height from the ground, the next instant its life blood dyed the snow, while the other two sprang up the bank, over the brow of the hill, and disappeared, followed by George Wellwood and Mike Lynch, who dashed forward in pursuit.

So hot was Mike in the chase, that he totally forgot the sledge, which was bounding and tumbling behind him, until the line got twisted round his snow-shoes and brought him head foremost to the ground. Now Mike's position was not enviable. He had come down with such a plunge that his head and shoulders, and the greater part of his body were buried in the snow, from which he struggled in vain for a long time to extricate himself; while his projecting feet and legs, the enormous snow-shoes, the tangled lines, and the overturned sledge, wriggled helplessly on the surface.

Deep down did he plunge his hands, but no bottom could be found; the yielding snow offered no resistance to the thrusts of his arms as he endeavored to raise himself, and the shoes to which his feet were attached prevented him from drawing his legs under him. At length, by dint of beating the snow hard in his violent struggles, he succeeded in gaining a sitting posture, in which he remained for about five minutes, clearing the snow out of his eyes, neck, wrists and hair, and growling all the while at his misfortune.

Having gathered himself up, he buried the young deer to protect it from the wolves, picked up his gun, which was crammed to the muzzle with snow, and started off in pursuit of his companions. But they were far distant now, following hard upon the track of the deer. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and Mike Lynch found it so upon this occasion. The sun sank, and the shades of night soon covered the forest with gloom. A few shooting streaks of the aurora, however, played northward the northern sky, serving to light the lonely traveller on his way. The track of his comrades guided him, but hour after hour passed and he failed to overtake them. At length, just as he was beginning to vent his impatience in grumbling, a bright flame sprang up before him, and a shower of sparks flew over the tree tops. In another minute the Irishman was seated before the blazing camp fire, while his master quivered him in regard to his performances as a tumbler, and the Squirrel prepared supper.

The second young moose had been overtaken and killed, and large stinks thereof were now roasting before the blaze. Mike's sledge was unpacked; a tin kettle was stuffed full of snow and placed on the fire, and tea was speedily produced.

It was a bright, cheery, beautiful, sparkling thing, a winter encampment in the snow. The camp fire was a blazing pile of logs, five feet long, three feet broad, and two feet deep. It was large enough to roast an ox whole, yet it was not more than sufficient to warm the atmosphere of the encampment.

A spreading pine had been selected as a shelter for the night. From the foot of this the snow had been cleared by the hunters, who extemporized shelves out of their snow shoes. The ground was laid bare for a space of fifteen feet in diameter. The sides of this hole formed walls six feet high, of the purest white. The fire was kindled at one end, the blankets of the party were spread out at the other, and the flat pine branches formed a thick, impenetrable ceiling.

"Now, then, Mike, pass the tea, and don't eat too much, else we'll never be able to waken you. Two hours is all the sleep we can afford to take."

Mike groaned—being too deeply engaged with venison stews to be able to reply—and handed the tin can often to his master.

"Squirrel, are ye ready to turn in, avie?" inquired Mike, with a sigh.

The Indian, who indulged in the taciturnity of his race, gave forth a sound which might have meant any thing, but for the accompanying nod, which proved it to be affirmative.

Mike sighed again, then constructed a pillow out of a pile of branches and lay down. The Indian stretched himself beside the Irishman, and spread a green blanket over himself and his comrade, tucked it tight in all round, under their feet and over their heads, and so they went to sleep like a long green bolster. George Wellwood followed their example.

The red man slumbered lightly. At the end of two hours he awoke, roused his companions, and blew the slumbering coals into a flame. A mouthful of cold tea and a little of cold venison were speedily despatched, and, in ten minutes or so the three hunters were gliding rapidly through the woods in silence, while the moon shed her soft light on their path and enabled them to follow the track of the moose deer. But the day had dawned, and they were beginning to think of breakfast, ere they overtook it. Wellwood was walking in advance, and was about to pass over the brow of a small hill, when his eye fell on the object of their hot pursuit. In a second, the report of his fowling piece awoke the echoes; the whistling bullet sped to its mark, and the startled animal, bounding up the bank, disappeared over the top of a mound.

"Tut! come on, lads," shouted the excited sportsman, as he dashed forward in pursuit.

"Ye've missed it," growled Mike.

"The deer is hit," said the Indian, gravely, as he strode after his friends.

The Squirrel was right. On reaching the spot where the moose had been standing, blood was found on the snow, and in a quarter of an hour the animal was again overtaken. It was evidently much hurt, for it bounded heavily in the snow.

"Now, then, Mike, be ready with a second shot," said Wellwood, raising his gun. Just as he pressed the trigger the moose stumbled and disappeared, while a cloud of white snow flew up into the air. Lowering his piece, and uttering an exclamation of surprise, he hurried forward.

Suddenly he halted, and Mike observed that he was gazing with a look of horror at something before him. Mike was about to advance, but he stopped abruptly, and his blood curdled in his veins on observing that his young master was standing on a snow wreath that curled over the brink of a precipice several hundred feet deep. He was beyond the edge of the cliff, and the tenacity of the snow alone preserved him from instant destruction.

The uncertain morning light caused the snow-plain beneath to appear on the same level with that above, so that the deer had been deceived, and its mangled remains now lay scattered on the rocks far below. Wellwood had almost shared its fate. His position was one of extreme peril. To retreat backwards was impossible, owing to the form of his snow-shoes. To turn was almost equally impossible, for the exertion necessary to do so would in all probability break off the wreath and hurl him into the yawning abyss.

"Och, master dear, jump back and kitch me hand," cried Mike, in a hoarse whisper, advancing cautiously.

Wellwood drew a long breath, made a desperate backward bound, and fell upon the snow as he grasped the outstretched hand of Mike. The effort broke off the mass of snow, which went thundering down the precipice. So narrow was the escape, that Wellwood rested upon the extreme edge of the cliff, and one of his snow shoes dangled over it; but a tremendous pull from the stout Irishman placed him the next moment in safety.

With a deep and earnest voice the young man thanked God for his deliverance, as he pressed the hand of his faithful servant. Then the three hunters turned to retrace their steps. The two young deer were picked up by the way, and the shattered body of the old one was left to the arctic foxes and wolves that prowled around the lonely outpost of Stoney Creek.

For the Companion.

FRISKY AND I.

Let me introduce you to the two. Frisky is our gray pony; broad-chested, sure-footed, strong-winded, with a long white mane and tail, both I am sorry to say, a little knotty and tangled. I am afraid you wouldn't consider him any great beauty, and I know if you were to ride half a mile after him, you would exclaim, "What in the world do you call him Frisky for?" To this inevitable question there is but one answer. "Frisky is old now; he was named when he was young and lively." I must say, I have my doubts whether he was ever alarmingly sprightly; it must have been long, long ago, but, such as he is, he is a great pet in the family, and many an eye would be wet with honest tears if any harm should come to dear old Frisky.

One hot July morning Frisky and I—I am Grandmother Trew, you know—set forth on our travels. The fog hung thick and heavy over all the valley, and we could hardly tell whether it was rain or fog that drizzled down, taking all the starch out of our curls and collars, and out of our souls as well, making them limp and lifeless. We were going to Mount Pisgah—but not to the Mount Pisgah where Moses climbed to see the promised land; my Mount Pisgah lies in the heart of dear New England, and resembles the other only in this respect, that when you reach its topmost point, "lift up your eyes westward, and northward, and eastward, and southward," you behold a goodly land spread out on every side—a land dowering with milk and—maybe sugar, instead of honey. The name does not seem to me irrelevant, for the promised land could hardly have been finer to the eye of the aged leader of Israel than this far-stretching landscape, with its little hills rejoicing on every side, its magnificent forests, clustering villages, fair pasture-lands, and bright brooklets, winding out from the overshadowing hills into grassy meadows, flashing here and there like tiny bits of silver.

Frisky and I let the lowlands soon after sunrise, so that if it cleared we might have the coolness of the morning, or, if it did not, might reach Mount Pisgah before it fairly rained. In the light little buggy into which Grandmother Trew had stowed herself there were more great trunks, little trunks, handboxes and bundles than were ever before crowded into the same space; and I, the said grandmother, sat wedged in among them without room to move even a single toe. It drizzled, as I have said, when we left home, but

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Counting-Room, No. 151 Washington Street.

Terms of the Companion.

The price of the Companion is One Dollar and Twenty-five Cents a year, strictly in advance. When payment is delayed beyond the commencement of the subscription year, One Dollar and Fifty Cents will invariably be charged.

For the Companion.

STORIES ABOUT THE GREEKS.

Every boy and girl should read the History of Greece: not as a school task, not as a "study" only, but to learn how a great people lived, and thought, and fought in the ages before Christ was born. The Greeks were the most polished people of ancient times. They number in their list of great men some of the noblest names in the history of the human race. Socrates and Plato stand at the head of the ancient class of philosophers, and Aristotle may be said to have been the father of natural science, as Homer, "the blind old man of Chios" rocky isle, was the father of poetry. Then, in other departments of human achievement the Greeks were equally eminent. I could fill this entire number of the *Youths' Companion*, were I to endeavor to tell all that I would like to say about the great men of ancient Greece.

It is of modern Greece that I wish to write today. About four hundred years ago, the Greeks were overpowered by the Turks, who have ruled them with great cruelty down to quite a recent period—only thirty-six years ago. After a long and bloody struggle, the Greeks were acknowledged as an independent nation, and the Turks were forced to leave the classic soil. But they were permitted to hold the Northern provinces and the Island of Crete or Candia. This was a great wrong done to the Greeks by the king-craft of the great powers. Ever since then there have been risings in Thessaly and Crete; for the Greeks hate the Turks, and are resolved to drive them from every inch of Hellenic soil.

Not long ago, a party of Greeks in Candia were surrounded in a convent, and after a fierce and desperate struggle, their works were carried by the Turks. Still they fought. But the Turks were too many for them. On came the savage Malometus, vowing that they would slaughter every "dog of a Christian." When the little band of Greeks saw that their hour was come, they retreated to the powder magazine. They waited until hundreds of the Turks were howling around them, and then a young priest took out a match, struck it, touched the powder, and, in a moment, the Greeks and their foes alike were blown into atoms. Like Simon, they slew more of their enemies by their death than in their life.

This incident is a repetition of the act of the Greeks at the siege of Missolonghi, in 1825.

It was in the month of November. The city was surrounded by thirty thousand Malometus, commanded by Ibrahim Pacha. In their attempts to capture the city, the Turks were again and again driven back with heavy losses. In February of 1826 the pacha made up his mind to reduce the city by blockade. He put his plan into operation. The Greeks tried, but tried in vain, to run the blockade. It was soon seen that the besieged people would have to choose between three plans—that they must consent to die of starvation, or surrender to the Turks, or cut their way through the besieging army.

When this fact became evident to every one, the Turkish commander sent in a flag of truce to the Greeks. He asked them to choose representatives to treat with him, and that they should select those who could speak the French, Albanian and Turkish languages. The Greeks refused to listen to his offer, and sent back the scornful answer:

"We are not learned, we do not understand so many languages; we do not recognize pachas. But we do know how to handle the sword and gun."

This reply, you can guess, did not please the pacha. He began at once to bombard the town. In three days after he received this reply he threw eight thousand shot and shell into the doomed city of Missolonghi. Great injury was done to the houses, but few lives were lost. Shelling a city does more damage to property than to life. You may recollect that when Fredericksburg was shelled not a life was lost; and that, although Charleston was bombarded more than a year, not twenty persons, in all, were killed.

The Turks, by their larger army, captured one after another of the outposts of the city. Every victory cost them a fierce fight; but they were as persistent as the Greeks were desperate, and in war, in the long run, it is the larger armies that win.

The situation of the Greeks soon became deplorable. The soldiers were forced to ally the gnawings of hunger by feeding on rats, sea-weed and raw hides. Every where, stretched on the bare ground, the sick, the wounded and the dying were seen. Starvation was the lot of all, whatever their state of body or rank in life. But no man, no woman, no boy, no maiden talked of surrender. They determined rather to perish in an effort to escape.

A sortie was planned. I suppose that most of you know what a *sorite* is; but those who do not know must be told that it is an attempt by besieged troops or people to sally out of their fort or city and cut their way through the midst of the surrounding army.

There was a traitor in Missolonghi. He sent word to the Turk that the Greeks would make a *sorite* on the night of the 22d of April. Thus the pacha, knowing of the design, was ready to meet it and resist it, and instead of a sleeping army, the Greeks found the Turks alert and armed.

The Greeks had arranged that three thousand soldiers should leave Missolonghi, and suddenly throw themselves on the Turkish line and cut open a road of deliverance for the women and children. The Greek boys armed themselves with swords. The Greek women armed themselves with daggers. But a portion of the people of the city—among them all the sick and the wounded—refused to make the attempt. They chose rather to remain and be buried in the ruins of their cherished Missolonghi. It was a sad night for every citizen—

equally for those who had made up their minds to stay and those who had chosen to try to escape. The cries of the people, as they were bidding each other a last farewell, were heard far beyond the walls—in the camps of the Turkish besieger.

The plan which had succeeded, in spite of the traitor, if the whole scheme had been carried out. But the soldiers who first sallied from the city, instead of waiting for the order to fire, became impatient under the bullets of the Turks, and with the shout—"Death to the barbarians!" they rushed headlong on their ancient faces. Suddenly a panic seized the people, and instead of following the soldiery, they rushed back to the city. The Turks and the Arabs closed in and soon held the city at their mercy. They massacred the people without pity wherever they met them; neither old age nor childhood, neither women nor girls were spared. Every one was murdered mercilessly by those Mahometan soldiers. In every street in the city the agonizing shrieks of the dying and of panting fugitives were heard. Magazines were exploded by the Greeks, to end their own lives and avenge themselves at the same time.

"A lame private, named Capsalis," says Prof. Felton, "had retired with his family into the principal magazine, which contained thirty barrels of gunpowder. The soldier sat by its side with a lighted torch; and when it was crowded by the frantic Moslems, he promptly applied the torch, and all were blown, mutilated corpses, into the air by the horrible explosion."

You will understand how the Greeks hate the Turks, and why, when you read the sequel to the sad story of Missolonghi.

Three thousand of the inhabitants of this unhappy city were murdered in the streets.

Three thousand of the survivors—women and children—were sold into slavery!

Five hundred were slain in the *sorite*!

Six hundred died from starvation on the mountains!

Eighteen hundred only succeeded in escaping. An eminent scholar tells one incident of those cruelties:

"A young girl," he says, "lying with a brother in delicate health, was pursued by a Turkish horseman. Carrying the brother, exhausted by fatigue, to a neighboring hillock, she seized his gun, received the fire of the Turk, which fortunately was without effect, and then coolly took aim and shot him dead."

UNCLE JAMES.

VARIETY.

HUNTING WITH THE LASSO.

The following amusing adventure is from Col. Marcy's "Thirty Years of Army Life on the Border."

A naval officer, many years ago, made the experiment of hunting with the lasso, but his success was by no means decisive. The officer had, it appeared, by constant practice upon the ship, while making the long and firesome voyage round the Horn, acquired very considerable proficiency in the use of the lasso, and was able to throw at twenty or thirty paces, to throw the head of the negro coil at almost every cast. So confident had he become in his skill, that, upon his arrival upon the coast of Southern California, he employed a cowboy, and mounted upon a well-trained horse, with his lasso properly coiled and ready for use, he one morning set out for the mountains, with the firm resolve of bagging a few grizzlies before night.

He had not been out a great while before he encountered one of the largest specimens of the mighty beast, whose terrific aspect amazed him not a little; but, as he had come out with a firm determination to capture a grizzly, in direct opposition to the advice of his guide, he resolved to show that he was equal to the occasion. Accordingly he seized his lasso, and, rushing at the animal, gave it several rapid whips above his head in the most artistic manner, and sent the noise directly around the bear's neck at the very first cast; but the animal, instead of taking to his heels and endeavoring to run away, as he had anticipated, very deliberately sat up on his hunches, facing his adversary, and commenced making a very careful examination of the rope. He turned his head from one side to the other in look- ing at it, he felt it with his paws, and scrutinized it very closely, as if it was something he could not comprehend.

In the meantime the officer had turned his horse in the opposite direction, and commenced applying the rope to his sides most vigorously, with the confident expectation that he was to choke the bear to death, and drag him off in triumph; but, to his astonishment, the horse, with his utmost efforts, did not seem to advance. The great strain upon the lasso, however, began to choke the bear so much that he soon became enraged, and gave the rope several violent snaps, first with one paw and then with the other; but, finding that this did not relieve him, he seized the lasso with both paws, and commenced pulling it in his hand, or rather paw, and bringing with it the horse and rider that were attached to the opposite extremity. The officer redoubled the application of both whip and spurs, but it was all of no avail; he had evidently "caught a Tartar," and in spite of his horse he recoiled rather than advanced.

In this intensely exciting and critical juncture he cast a hasty glance to the rear, and, to his horror, found himself steadily backing toward the frightful monster, who sat up with his eyes glaring like balls of fire, his huge mouth wide open and frothing with rage, and sending forth the most terrific and deep-toned roar. He now, for the first time, felt seriously alarmed, and cried out vociferously for his guide to come to his rescue. The latter responded promptly, took up, cut the lasso, and extricated the amateur gentleman from his perilous position. He was much rejoiced at his escape, and, in reply to the inquiry of the guide as to whether he decided to continue the hunt, he said it was getting so late that he believed he would capture no more grizzlies that day.

DR. HAYES' ADVENTURE WITH A WHITE BEAR.

The following amusing story is told by Dr. Hayes, in his work on "The Open Polar Sea," and gives us a somewhat different idea of Polar bears from that which we have been accustomed to hear from travellers:

Strolling one day along the shore, I was observing with much interest the effect of the different spring tides upon the ice foot, when, rounding a point of land, I suddenly found myself confronted, in the faint moonlight, by an enormous bear. He had just sprung down from the high ice, and was meeting me at a full trot. We caught sight of each other at the same instant. Being without a rifle or other means of defence, I wheeled suddenly towards the ship, with, I fancy, much the same reticulous about discretion and valor as those which crossed the mind of old Jack Falstaff when he was set upon him; but, finding after a few lengthy strides, I was not gobbled up, I looked back over my shoulder, when, as much to my surprise as gratification, I saw the bear tear away toward the open water

with a celerity which left no doubt as to the state of his mind. I suppose it would be difficult to determine which was the most frightened—the bear or myself.

MEANNESS REWARDED.

A sugar refiner at Lille generously fitted up the room adjoining his engine room as a steam bath, and allowed all persons in the town seized with cholera to be brought thither. Not one of the persons exposed in this steam bath died of that disease. One woman, a factory girl in a cotton manufactory of Lille, was so weak during a bath as to be unable to work for two days, and with singular ingratitude she brought suit against her benefactor to recover the two days' wages she lost. The judge, summoning all his gravity to his countenance, thus addressed her, after hearing her and her witnesses' testimony:

"Madam, I should not hesitate to sentence the defendant to pay you the wages of the two days you have lost, could I at the same time force him to restore you the cholera, which you yourself confess you lost in his house; unable to strain my power so far, I must dismiss your case."

The audience approved, by great laughter, the judge's decision, and the woman, covered with confusion, and pursued by jeers, left the court house.

JACK FROST.

One winter night,
A snow white
Came whistling in my door;
Heard him say,
"Adieu, I pray,
This stranger cold and poor."

Said I, "Retire;
No snows here;
Is shivering in the grate;
You see my dear,
The case is clear,
That you have come too late!"

"O dear!" he said,
Some charity
I beg you to bestow;
I beg you to see
Me how my little son
Upon the driven snow—

His plaintive moan
My pity won,
And so I turned the key:
The door I never closed,
I quaking shiver
"The stranger—where is he?"

I felt a cry
On wind and lip,
But saw no human form;
Was it a kiss?
Then I rose like this
Is not exceeding warm.

I called aloud,
But called in vain;
I saw no more after that;
No scrip or staff,
No sign of life or sign
Upon the stinging air.

"The case is clear,
My little dear,
The merry laugh is wild;
That you have froze
Your pretty nose,
And do better go to bed!"

But learn his truth
In early youth,
Nor be the lesson lost;
You never must
A moment trust
That saucy rogue—Jack Frost!"

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That you have froze
Your pretty nose,
And do better go to bed!"

But learn his truth
In early youth,
Nor be the lesson lost;
You never must
A moment trust
That saucy rogue—Jack Frost!"

I called aloud,
But called in vain;
I saw no more after that;
No scrip or staff,
No sign of life or sign
Upon the stinging air.

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